

24  
~~SQUIRE~~  
P O E M S

BY

J O H N R A N N I E.

---

On trembling Wings, let youthful Fancy soar,  
Nor always haunt the funny Realms of Joy ;  
But, now and then, the Shades of Life explore ;  
Tho' many a Sound and Sight of Woe annoy,  
And many a Qualm of Care his rising Hopes destroy.

DR. BEATTIE.

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THE SECOND EDITION.

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HONOURED and distinguished as I esteem myself, by the very liberal Patronage which the disinterested and unremitting diligence of my friends has procured me, it becomes me, perhaps, to make the most public testimony of my acknowledgements. But, to those who are, themselves, capable of the most generous exertions, that heart is most acceptable which whispers its gratitude in secret. I therefore forbear to say more, on the present occasion, than that their goodness will be ever remembered with thankfulness and pleasure.

Many of my Subscribers, to whose commands I owe implicit obedience, have requested that their names may not be published.—This, it is hoped, will be a sufficient apology to the others for theirs not having been printed.



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42	—	13	—	Church	—	Churchyard
66	—	1	—	my	—	thy



## SONNET I.

TO FANCY.

**O** FANCY, friend of Nature and the Muse,  
 With heavenly visions charm thy Poet's eye :  
 Spread o'er the landscape more attractive hues,  
 And tinge with brighter gold the vivid sky.  
 Nor check the Youth, that boldly would aspire  
 To raise the song of sympathy and love ;  
 But, when the fond Enthusiast strikes the lyre,  
 Let all the trembling strings in concord move.  
 And, let the blaze of thy celestial fire  
 Wake into life the sentiment refin'd :  
 For, hope deferr'd enervates the desire,  
 And casts a sickly langour o'er the mind !  
 But thou to rapture can'st the spirit warm ;  
 And give to glowing thought th' imperishable charm.

## SONNET II.

FROM yonder rocks, that overhang the shore,  
 When fadden'd Nature's deepest frowns increase,  
 I love to hear the dashing surges roar,—  
 And view the motions of the troubled seas !

More pleasure than the smile of summer gives,  
 These horror-sounding tempests bring to me ;  
 Which with the agitated heart agree,  
 That droops in safety and in danger lives.

And still the more, as o'er the cliffs I lean,  
 While round me the deep winds of winter howl,  
 It feeds the fancy of my gloomy soul  
 When night throws darkness o'er the dreadful scene.

A fullen transport mingles with my care,  
 To find the elements in like despair !

## SONNET III.

**N**OW, slowly o'er the streaks of parting Day,  
 Her dusky curtain gentle Evening throws;  
 As through the shades of solitude I stray,  
 While sighs the gale accordant to my woes.

Poor Philomela murmurs in the vale!  
 Soft on her voice the notes of sorrow rise;  
 And distant woodlands bear the plaintive tale,  
 That on the lips of ling'ring Echo dies.

Sadly she breathes the woe-inspiring lay  
 In all the anguish of despairing love:  
 Inur'd to grief, when I approach the spray,  
 Still melting throes her tender bosom move.

Pensive I listen, while she pours her moan,  
 And sighing, trace a sorrow like my own!

Be.

Now



## SONNET IV.

FROM THE SORROWS OF WERTER.

BEHOLD yon Maniac, raving in the cell !  
 To win a cruel maid he fondly strove ;  
 But found his care—his tender friendship fail,  
 And in oblivious madness lost his love !

In frenzy wild, he gnaws the iron grate,  
 And, while his eyes like fiery meteors blaze,  
 Smiles on the bloody Ruler of his fate,  
 Who shrinks with horror from his lurid gaze !

Poor wretch ! e'en in the midst of my despair,  
 This aching heart can spare a sigh for thee ;  
 Yet buried from thyself thy sorrows are,  
 And thou art happy when compar'd with me.

With painful memory, to increase my woes,  
 And reason curs'd, I would but cannot lose.

## SONNET V.

TO RECTITUDE.

**F**AIR child of glory ! heav'n-descended maid !  
 (To patience and to virtue first allied,)

When dreams of comfort hope disdains to shed,  
 And all the visions of delusion fade,  
 In thy protection I dare still confide.

Thou wilt the spirit in depression guide,  
 And teach my heart, when all its views are dead  
 To life's enchantments ; ever few and poor,  
 The rage of Hate, Malignity and Pride,  
 In langour of misfortune, to endure.

And sorrow, wheresoe'er I stray, is sure  
 To pierce the solitude, and chill my soul  
 With careful thought, which spurning all controul,  
 Augments the anguish—Death can only cure !



## SONNET VI.

TO THE DEE.

TO this lone valley I was wont to stray,  
 Thro' which, O Dee, thy winding current flows ;  
 Thy wild woods screen'd me from the glare of day,  
 And gave the balmy blessing of repose.

Ah ! often led by Cynthia's silver beam,  
 When not a cloud deform'd the azure sky,  
 I fought the flow'ry margin of thy stream,  
 And fondly watch'd the wave that wander'd by.

But now the victim of corrosive care,  
 Forlorn and cheerless, on the banks I rove,  
 Pursu'd, where'er I wander, by Despair  
 The haggard offspring of neglected Love !

From grief I vainly hop'd a refuge here,  
 Where sad Reflection prompts the flowing tear.

Ah



SONNET VII.

TO REFLECTION.

AH! why recal the hours that saw me blest?

Why bring the scenes of dear delight to view,  
When Innocence, in virgin splendour drest,  
Beheld the fairy forms my fancy drew?

When, void of care, I path'd the flow'ry plain,  
Serene my mind as summer's mildest breeze:  
These vain regrets but aggravate my pain,  
And all the sorrows of my soul increase.

Thou canst not to my woes a balm impart,  
And snatch me from the grasp of pining care!  
Nor draw her lovely image from my heart,  
Whose cold neglect consigns me to despair!

In pity to my sufferings, then forbear  
To edge, with pangs acute, the soul-corroding smart.

SONNET VIII.

TO THE MOON.

FROM OSSIAN.

QUEEN of the Night, and Daughter of the Sky!  
How pleasant is the silence of thy face,  
When forth thou comest in thy loveliness,  
And bidst the gather'd shades of darkness fly?—

The stars attend thy blue steps in the east;  
And, in thy presence, O Celestial Light!  
The fable-skirted clouds with joy turn bright  
On the pure calm of heaven's ethereal breast.

But whither dost thou from thy course retire,  
When darkness on thy waning aspect grows?  
Say, dwell'st thou in the shadow of thy woes,  
And do thy transient joys like mine expire?

Or have thy sisters from thy presence flown,  
That thou retir'st, fair Light! to mourn their loss alone?

Thee



## SONNET IX.

TO ———.

THEE, pensive Mourner ! have mine eyes explor'd,  
 Like silent Melancholy, muse alone ;  
 O'er the high beach, while ocean loudly roar'd,  
 And fill'd with tears for all thy pleasures flown,  
 They trac'd the deep calamity that wears,  
 With heavy wrongs, Compassion's tender throne ;  
 And, wak'd the pity of a soul that bears  
 Too many bitter sorrows of its own ;  
 Yet let the form of Mirth avoid me still,  
 Nor dare the finer feelings to destroy ;  
 I would not lose the agonizing thrill  
 Of sacred sympathy, for selfish joy ;  
 Nor change, for gorgeous domes, the gloomy shade  
 Wherein the sorrowing heart is better made !



## SONNET X.

TO SINCERITY.

CHASTE Patroness of Truth, I reverence thee!  
 And thou of heavenly race art surely sprung;  
 Who keep'st thy conscience still from error free,  
 And, mak'st the heart the ruler of thy tongue.

Who scorn'st the expectation to controul,  
 When fortune seems to crown the hope in bloom;  
 When fate denies—still resolute of soul,  
 Thou seal'st with equal faith an adverse doom.

Belov'd Sincerity! O let me bear  
 Thy precious tidings when they lead to joy;  
 But never let me those dread accents hear  
 Which tend domestic pleasure to destroy;  
 Lest Pity prompt me thy fair path to leave;  
 And, with a pious fraud, the pitying heart deceive.

Tho'

## SONNET XI.

WRITTEN ON THE BLANK LEAF OF CHATTER-  
TON'S POEMS.

THO' much I venerate the tuneful page,  
Wherein the Poet's soul I seem to trace ;  
The Poet's hardships here my thoughts engage,  
And much I'm griev'd that e'er he knew distress.

A suppliant bent to Fortune's haughty slave,  
And e'en in that his modesty was shewn,  
Humbling his high-soul'd worth, he stoop'd to crave  
A judgment much inferior to his own !

——— was wealthy—wealth engender'd pride ;  
Pride steels the heart when meanness rules the mind ;  
With pride the poor petition was denied,  
And thence the woes of Chatterton combin'd :

When misery heighten'd the excess of grief,  
Till, in the fatal chalice, horror fought relief !——

Sore,



## SONNET XII.

TO THE DEE.

SORE, on thy banks, afflicted mem'ry bleeds,  
 Where late I pass'd the hours of careless ease ;  
 And, sporting fondly on thy daisied meads,  
 Drew cheering comfort from the balmy breeze :  
 While often paus'd thy woodland songs to hear,  
 Young Fancy, with poetic vision fraught,  
 As soft thy shining stream meander'd near,  
 And lull'd in dreams of joy each tender thought.  
 But, like my hopes, thy scenes of beauty fade,  
 My faithless hopes, more transient and less fair ;  
 While Autumn's wind sounds hollow in the glade,  
 And mournful ruin marks its progress there !  
 For on its wings the scatter'd foliage flies ;  
 And, all the pride of sick'ning nature dies !



SONNET XIII.

TO A HERMIT.

LONE Dweller of the Rock, whose echos mourn  
So deeply with the sounds of vague complaint ;  
The blessings of thy peaceful mansion spurn ;  
Or with thy portion learn to be content.

All nature's gifts are thine : on Ocean's breast,  
The silent Moon with dewy lustre streams,  
And soon as Phoebus brightens in the east,  
He lights thy chamber with his golden beams,

To save it from the storm with friendly care,  
Around thy mossy cave the wild woods tow'r,  
And there the plaintive choristers of air  
Their grateful notes of adoration pour.

Lone Dweller of the Rock, to murmur cease ;  
The cell of Solitude should harbour Peace.

SONNET XIV.

FROM GESSNER'S DAPHNIS.

FLOW on, ye sacred streams of pure delight !

I meet you with a gay unblemish'd heart,  
Which glows in virtue's clearest sunshine bright,  
And ne'er shall from its rectitude depart.

And here, ye peaceful brooks and silent hills !

While I the vanish'd years of life review,  
The retrospect my soul with comfort fills ;  
Thank heav'n, they all with guilt unfullied flew.

As Life, drawing near and nearer to its close,

Seems like the silent stream to glide away ;  
And fade as gently as the dying rose,  
O'er which the zephyrs scarcely seem to play :

That breathes of odours all its precious store,

Drops off the languid leaves, and then is seen no more.



SONNET XV.

FROM THE SAME.

YE beauteous Nymphs and blooming Shepherds, love!  
And kiss the bowl which teems with generous wine,  
So shall your hearts to joyful transports move,  
So on your cheeks the glow of health refine.

Where thro' that arbor creeps the circling vine,  
Young Bacchus (trust me, Youth) these eyes survey'd;  
As late I sought the haunt I deem divine,  
The rosy God lay smiling in the shade.

His head upon a wine-cask he reclin'd,  
Which leaning on his knee young Cupid crown'd;  
And proud was he his jolly head to bind  
With choicest grapes in richest clusters bound.

While jovial Fauns, to charm the festive hour,  
With sprightly Nymphs were dancing round the bow'r.

Ye

While



## SONNET XVI.

WHILE in his features I the Tyrant trace,  
 Where gloomy horror frightens shame away,  
 I blush to see Humanity's disgrace,  
 And Indignation heightens my dismay.

For, e'en when Winter gave its fury vent,  
 And threat'ning tempests shook th' Oppressor's dome,  
 He spurn'd—I saw her weeping as she went—  
 The gentle Delia from her lonely home.

The eye reverted on her cottage cast,  
 With mild expression pictur'd silent Woe,  
 As slowly o'er the dreary wild she pass'd,  
 And mark'd with painful step the printless snow.

Long pausing on the hill which bounds the view,  
 Most loath, I ween, to bid her paradise adieu.

SONNET XVII.

TO A LILY.

MEEK form of nature, Lily, weak and pale,  
Thou earliest offspring of the dawning year,  
Still bend on earth thy frame of texture frail,  
And still the look of weeping Sadness wear!

The blast of fate that Innocence must fear,  
Which pines unshelter'd in a gloomy vale,  
And, mark'd for trial in its lowly sphere,  
Is made the cruel sport of every gale.

So Delia lives, in solitude obscure,  
(But more by sensibility undone,)  
The storms of Hardship destin'd to endure,  
And trembling droop in absence of the Sun.

While pamper'd Scorn and cold Neglect combine,  
To keep her wretched fortune poor as thine.

D

Again



S O N N E T XVIII.

AGAIN Aurora pours her purple light  
O'er all the scenes which Evening bath'd in dew,  
The blooming landscape brightens on the sight,  
And Nature wakes her melodies anew.

The blythe lark mounted high on downy wing,  
With melting harmony salutes the Morn,  
And yielding balm to all the gales of Spring,  
The wild rose blushes on the dewy thorn.

The gentle Tenants of the grove rejoice,  
As rich in beauty Nature decks the plain :  
But ah ! the tuneful warblers raise their voice,  
And vernal Nature smiles for me in vain.

I sadly note their varied charms, and bear  
Deep in my soul the Winter of Despair.

Ah



S O N N E T    X I X .

A H me! how many are the ills combin'd,  
In yonder hut that holds the Village Poor ;  
Where, ripe with miseries of every kind,  
The palsied Mourner rests against the door !

In yonder hut, defenceless, low, and vile,  
Where gloomy Sorrow and Dejection lie :  
Where Indigence and Age sink under toil,  
And Anguish seems too weak to breath a sigh !

And where the meagre Form of wan Disease,  
Emits in groans the pestilential breath,  
—Asks for the suffering soul the balm of peace,  
And struggling in the icy grasp of death,

Bids, in the murmurs of a feeble prayer,  
Cold Resignation mingle with Despair,

Ah

When

## SONNET XX.

**W**hen Night advancing tow'rd the mournful noon,  
 With noxious vapours loads the heavy air,  
 And red, through hills of mist, the rayless Moon  
 Displays the wintry landscape dark and dear ;  
  
 The sadden'd forms of Nature I revere,  
 Which fill with tender grief my pensive mind,  
 As, o'er the summit of the cliff, reclin'd  
 In awful solitude, I brave the shock  
 Of the wild-warring Elements, and hear  
 The deep voice of the desolating Wind ;  
 Or noisy torrent rushing down the Rock :  
 My soul is charm'd to sympathy refin'd,  
 For the poor wretch, that musing Fancy sees,  
 Torn by the ruder tempests of Disease.

## SONNET XXI.

INFURIATE tempests of the winter, roar,  
 Loud and more loud, the sounds of horror raise;  
 And break, ye waves, against the rocky shore,  
 Till all its ruins totter from the base.

Ye daring winds, in majesty more great,  
 (While darting death the livid lightnings stream.)  
 Dash from your wings the Thunderbolt of Fate,  
 Till all the earth with wild destruction teem.

Let elemental war convulse the sphere,  
 Till Nature tho' complete disorder groan :—  
 My agitated spirit still should own,  
 The heavy storms of Slander more severe.

Your rage could only bruise the mortal frame,  
 But more insatiate Malice strives to wound the fame.

Rest



## SONNET XXII.

REST from the toils of thought, my sick'ning mind,  
 Give tender Fancy's fond amusement o'er :  
 Nor hope the smile of partial praise to find,  
 In vain purfiance of Poetic lore.

For that neglect was still the meed design'd,  
 And wherefore torture Memory to restore  
 The glowing scenes for ever left behind,  
 The dreams of pleasure which return no more ;

To challenge praise, desert importeth nought,  
 While cold Injustice tramples Patience down ;  
 While tainted Flatt'ry screens the languid thought,  
 And cringing Dullness steals into renown,

The pride of conscious Dignity to stain,  
 And rouse averted Honour's just disdain.

Amidst

SONNET XXIII.

FROM BOILEAU.

**A**MIDST the tender joys of love sincere,  
I saw my happy days near Iris move.  
Iris, who still is, and was always dear,  
For me felt all the force of mutual love.

When, by the heavy doom of Fate severe,  
To kill my hopes a cruel fever strove ;  
And, checking ev'ry pleasure, left me here,  
Eternal woes in vain regrets to prove.

Ah ! when a stroke so dread o'erpower'd my mind,  
To paint in that the many ills combin'd,  
What bitter tears, what moving cries arose !  
Thou, Iris, then wast blest, compar'd with me.  
For tho' it was thy portion life to lose,  
Alas ! much more than life, I lost in losing thee.

SONNET XXIV.

TO THE WIND.

O MOVE, blest Zephyrus, on lighter wing,  
For lo! on Nature's flow'ry carpet laid,  
Amidst the beauties of the glowing spring,  
My Laura slumbers in the fragrant shade.

Let not your tuneful sighs her rest invade,  
For whom my soul with ardent passion burns :  
But still with softest murmurs lull the maid,  
Whose gentle heart the sacred flame returns.

As, envious of the sweet delights I feel,  
You ravish, while she sleeps, the balmy kifs,  
To those dear lips with mildest caution steal,  
Lest yonder daring Lily share thy blifs !

There meekly breathe, nor wake my sleeping love,  
And I will not the tender theft reprove.

Thy



SONNET XXV.

TO LAURA.

THY dimpled Cheeks are purer than the rose,  
Thy balmy Lips like wild carnations glow,  
Thy dark brown Hair in graceful order flows,  
Upon a Bosom, whiter than the snow.

The wanton Curls I envy, and admire,  
Which render all thy Beauties so divine,  
And kiss the snowy Shrines of chaste Desire,  
Where Lovers vainly languish to recline.

Thy beaming Eyes that more those charms adorn,  
By whose bright radiance thousands are undone,  
Such splendor yield, as to the smiles of Morn  
The cheering lustre of the glorious Sun.

Ah ! beauteous Eyes, effulgent as they move,  
They warm the World with universal Love !

E

Amid

Thy

SONNET XXVI.

WRITTEN AT DUNNOTTER CASTLE.

**A** MID these scenes the Muse delights to dwell!  
Majestic, e'en in ruin, they appear ;  
And hoary Time, with ceaseless labour pale,  
Frowns o'er a gloomy desolation here.

As deeply marking, the desponding mind,  
My wasting sighs thro' yonder Towers resound,  
With hoarser murmur swell'd the fadden'd wind,  
Still scatters mournful devastation round.

Sway'd by the tempest of the angry North,  
(While slow I move thro' these deserted halls,  
Gay mansions once of hospitable worth,)  
With awful din, the pond'rous fragment falls.

Fear flies, and shudders at its overthrow,  
But smiling at destruction Danger stalks below !

Why

SONNET XXVII.

FROM THE FRENCH.

WHY am I doom'd unpity'd to complain?  
To live the Slave of Solitude and Care?  
And wherefore was I born to suffer pain  
Too great for poor Humanity to bear?  
Joyless to mark the Summer of the Year  
Shed light, and life, and liberty, around;  
To wander o'er the dewy fields, and hear  
The voice of music thro' the groves resound?  
Dejected, feeble, helpless (and undone  
By too profound a knowledge of my state)  
Why am I left, defenceless and alone,  
Where none can lighten or lament my fate?  
Protect the Child of uncontroul'd Distress,  
And knowing my sorrows, wish to make them less.

Vicege-

Why



## SONNET XXVIII.

TO MERCY.

**V**ICEGERENT of the everlasting God,  
 Whose throne unchanging Majesty furrounds,  
 Whose presence gilds Affliction's dire abode,  
 And cheers the sorrowing wretch that guilt confounds;  
  
 As fiery Vengeance lifts the threat'ning sword,  
 To crush the trembling Victim of his hate;  
 While rigid Justice seals the stern award,  
 From thee he hopes—and meets a milder fate!  
  
 Meek Angel! still, with benediction mild,  
 Thy sacred virtues to my soul convey;  
 And, as I wander o'er Life's barren wild,  
 Be still the blest Companion of my way:  
  
 —Still from my path the fiends of darkness chase,  
 And purify my heart with heav'n-reflected grace.

## SONNET XXIX.

YE hoary Cliffs and Precipices dire,  
 Against whose base are dash'd destructive waves,  
 In whose dread vaults the echo'd sounds expire  
 Of all the pain-fraught sighs my bosom heaves.

Dark Witnesses of Grief to this sad heart  
 Once more behold your pointed horrors prest,  
 Which courts your solitudes, to shun the dart  
 Of Malice, issu'd from the ranc'rous breast.

Majestic Rocks! as down each fractur'd side  
 Your rugged ruins tumble to the plain,  
 To sullen Fancy you appear like Pride  
 Exonerating insolent Disdain.

Pleas'd that your pride is lessen'd as they fall,  
 She views th' insulted earth, like Patience, bear them all.

Consol-

SONNET XXX.

TO PATIENCE.

CONSOLING Delegate of Virtue, stay,  
And teach thy sad Disciple still to bear,  
Amidst the gloom of dark Affliction's day,  
The pressure of Misfortune and Despair.

O thou, who taught him early to deride  
The scoffing taunts of Envy's baneful crew,  
When, from the deepest sense of injur'd pride,  
Bold Indignation more disdainful grew :

The rooted Agony that foils relief,  
Let not his suff'ring spirit now upbraid,  
Which finds a nobler charm in silent grief,  
Than e'er the rant of Eloquence convey'd :

While harrafs'd Nature, faint with ceaseless woes,  
Enjoys a stupor, tho' denied repose.

On



## SONNET XXXI.

ON barren Destiny's lone desert cast,  
 Where solemn Silence holds a gloomy reign,  
 And, chill'd with harsh Misfortune's bitter blast,  
 Their native pride my senses scarce retain :

An hopeless Pilgrim, faint, and worn with pain,  
 (The fleeting hours of mirth and pleasure past)

I drag, unheeded, Life's afflictive chain,  
 And find each prospect darker than the last.

Nor longer woo the Muse, with tuneful art

To deck the shrine where tender Pity bled :

Her garlands bloom not on the aching head ;  
 Her favours charm not the despairing heart

Of him who, sunk in deep Depression's gloom,  
 From Sorrow only hopes a refuge in the tomb.

O D E.

**T**HE vernal landscape charms no more,  
Tho' drest in bloom each flow'r and tree ;  
For, while its beauties I explore,  
In each a vain regret I see.  
Ah ! what can those blest hours restore,  
That saw me, Laura, blest with love and thee ?  
The Sun, who leaves the world in night,  
Again shall bring the smile of Morn ;  
Again expand his radiance bright,  
And Nature's blooming scenes adorn :  
But oh ! ye hours of fond delight,  
I sadly fear, ye know of no return !

Lord

O D E.

TO LOVE.

**L**ORD of the Passions—all-subduing Love!

Great Ruler of the soul—in pow'r supreme ;

Of blifs thou mak'st thy Vot'ries often dream,

The wildest transports of Despair to prove,

Excessive Grief, and Agony extreme,

For thou can'st charm the senses to thy will ;

And when thy Victims lost in sorrow seem,

Send cheering Hope their throbbing hearts to still,

And with Compassion's balm the wounds of anguish fill.

Thou art the greatest Blifs below !—

And also the severest Woe,

When to Despair by fancy driven ;

But when thou woundest with ecstatic smart,

When through the soul thy thrilling transports dart,

Thine is the first delight to Mortals given.

F

Thou



Thou only canst the Passions charm,  
 Thou canst the icy bosom warm ;  
 Ambitious Rage to Meekness change,  
 And blunt the arrows of Revenge.  
 —Rob Pride of the disdainful smile,  
 And steep in tears remorseful Guile.  
 —Canst silence Malice hovering near,  
 To wound Suspicion's greedy ear ;  
 Make cold Detraction check the lie,  
 And melt the soul of Jealousy ;  
 Who aw'd by thee, and spurning fear,  
 Would Envy's venom'd tongue defy,  
 And gladly share again thy heav'n-born Sympathy.

Parent of Life ! all-conquering Love !  
 In Nature's course to thee we move ;  
 Thou canst her primal ties impart,  
 And ope the sluices of the Heart ;  
 Canst make, on Zembla's icy strand,  
     That heart in scorching flames expire,  
 Or on Arabia's burning sand,  
     The frost of dread expel thy fire.  
 Nor dost thou rule the human heart alone,  
 For creatures of each kind confess thy power,

In chief the Dove, who pours to thee her moan,  
And the lone Mistress of the vocal Bow'r,  
Lamenting her lost mate, at Twilight's pensive hour.

How often have I seen my Laura stray,  
When moon-beams brighten'd on the dewy vale,  
To hear thy plaintive, sorrow-soothing lay,  
Soft-warbled by the tuneful Nightingale ;  
Which melancholy Songstrels, Poets tell,  
As once to silence a fond swain she tried,  
Dropp'd from the spray in striving to excel,  
Tho' still her little breast, high swell'd with pride,  
In wild notes sigh'd its melody away,  
Till flutt'ring on the plain, th' exhausted trembler died.

Let me again thy Pleasures know,  
Nor let me longer share thy Woe ;  
And I will ever venerate thy name,  
Again make blooming Laura blest.  
Again make Laura blest, and me,  
And then caressing and caress'd,  
We grateful will devote our life to thee,  
By whom, from that eternal Power we came,  
Who first threw beaming light o'er Nature's fable  
frame.



## O D E T O E V E N I N G,

IN MEMORY OF A RELATION.

**M**ILD Eve, in veil of sober gray,  
 Conceal the garish Orb of Day;  
 For, streaming from his parting rays,  
 The Skies with gaudy splendor blaze:  
 And more I love the sadden'd hour  
 When Contemplation, (pensive Pow'r!)  
 Slow wand'ring thro' thy dusky gloom,  
 With downcast eye surveys the tomb,  
 Where deep the mournful zephyr sighs,  
 While drooping hare-bells drink thy tears;  
 And, lost in prime of blissful years,  
 The Form of Virtue cold and silent lies!

Long to her worth and friendship true,  
 The Muse will pour the tribute due:  
 And Pity, bending o'er the shrine  
 Of Virtue, mingle tears with thine:  
 And fairy-footed Virgins bring  
 The earliest violets of the tender Spring,  
 And chaunting loud the solemn dirge of woe,  
 Around her dewy tomb the vernal blossoms strew.  
When



When Resignation checks the sigh,  
 And sacred Hope explores the sky,  
 As earthly visions fade from view,  
 More lasting comforts to pursue;  
 Still o'er the grave where Virtue sleeps,  
 Meek-hearted Melancholy weeps;  
 And still, Reflection loves to mourn  
 Her pleasures buried in the urn;  
 While, rapt in moralizing woe,  
 Chaste Piety delights to paint  
 The merits of the blameless Saint,  
 Whose hallow'd dust in mouldring earth lies low!

When all her glories shone confest,  
 Like yonder Sun, she sunk to rest;  
 And round her grave, like yonder Skies,  
 The lustres of her virtues rise;  
 Which still shall glow, in radiance bright,  
 When vanquish'd Nature sinks in endless night;  
 And her the God of boundless Mercies raise  
 To swell the heav'nly sounds of his immortal praise.

## O D E T O P I T Y.

O! SOFT'NING Maid, of aspect mild,  
 I know thee by the melting eye;  
 Which looks on cold Affliction's child  
 With so much sensibility :  
 While gentle Hope, thy sister fair,  
 The balmy Comforter of human Woe,  
 Extracts the dart of merciless Despair,  
 And bids the heart with new-felt transport glow ;  
 Thy tear is kind to suff'ring Patience giv'n,  
 As to the drooping plant the genial dew of Heav'n.

Afflicted Nature's woes expire,  
 When countenanc'd by Hope and Thee ;  
 As all the dreary forms retire  
 Which Fancy gave Despair to see ;  
 And, smiling o'er the couch of Pain,  
 Belov'd Hygeia lights the torch anew ;  
 Who calls reflective Fancy once again,  
 Her long-forgotten pleasures to review :  
 With healing, like the Angel, in her wings,  
 She o'er receding Grief oblivious shadows flings !

Be-

Behold, the blithest of her train,  
 The Babe that plays unconscious near:  
 Alas! thine eye is fill'd again  
 With an anticipating tear.  
 Poor Innocent, he meets the glance,  
 Nor bids his inoffensive sports adieu;  
 Whose future fortunes, thrown on human chance,  
 So justly wake thy apprehensions now,  
 For, though he lives unhurt by sorrow yet,  
 The dang'rous ways of life with thorns are thickly set.

And thou, with virtues all thine own,  
 Canst trace the future and the past:  
 Bewailing most Disaster's frown  
 When doom'd by Providence to last.  
 Of grief thou art the kindest friend;—  
 Thy trickling balsam sooths the wounds of Care,  
 And those of such as under Ruin bend,  
 And pressure vast of absolute Despair.  
 Lamenting every hardship—every woe,  
 From soul magnanimous, thy blest emotions flow.

When



When Friendship shuns th' infectious breath,  
 And distant hears the plaint of Woe,  
 Reclining o'er the bed of death,  
 Thy soothing cares more tender grow!  
 I've mark'd the tear of silent grief,  
 With strong expression fill thy stedfast eye,  
 When keen Affliction, robb'd of all relief,  
 The forrowing child of cold Adversity!  
 Nor wouldst thou from the suffering victim part,  
 Till Life's exhausted stream had left the perish'd heart.

I've seen thee, when the Lord of Day  
 Sunk slowly on the western wave,  
 Thro' the lone church mourn thy way,  
 To Chatterton's untimely grave:  
 Too great of spirit to endure  
 The empty scoffs of Folly's venal crew,  
 Or supplicate of charity a cure.  
 For poverty his worth could ne'er subdue.  
 Indignant spurning the disastrous strife,  
 He burst (in hapless hour) the bars of wretched life,

And

And oft I've seen thee, at the hour,  
When Lovers were about to part,  
Thy consoling incense pour,  
Upon the grief-diseased heart.  
And, bending o'er the drooping Form  
Of woe-benighted Pilgrim, faint and hoar,  
Beheld thee with thy genial influence warm  
Insensibility of visage froze :  
Who trac'd thy feelings in the moisten'd gaze,  
Till she became the fond Enthusiast of thy praise.

G

Oh

O D E

TO YOUTH.

OH Youth! thou Morning of Delight,  
Thy streams are clear, thy skies are bright ;  
And all thy scenes are gay :  
But soon thy Sportive hours are gone,  
And Mortals find, they but fore-run  
Age—Life's succeeding Day.

Youth, let me then, while yet I'm thine,  
Thy pleasures all enjoy ;  
Ere Age's many frailties join  
The blessing to destroy.



To me the scenes of Life are new,  
The blessings many—troubles few ;  
And Hope's a smiling Friend :  
But Happiness may quickly fly ;  
—Hope's visionary prospects die,  
And Grief my steps attend.

My heart, if Love become its care,  
May only breathe to sigh ;  
And then—should Scorn enhance Despair,  
Each thought of Comfort die!

Scenes

To

O D E.

I CANNOT BUT REMEMBER SUCH THINGS WERE.

SHAKESPEAR.

SCENES OF MY YOUTH! ye once were dear,  
Tho' fadly I your charms survey;  
I once was wont to linger here,  
From early dawn to closing day.  
SCENES OF MY YOUTH! pale Sorrow flings  
A shade o'er all your beauties now;  
And robs the Moments of their wings,  
That scatter'd pleasure as they flew.  
While, still, to heighten every care,  
Reflection tells me, such things were.

'Twas

'Twas here a tender Mother strove  
To keep my happiness in view ;  
I smil'd beneath a Parent's love,  
That soft Compassion ever knew.  
In whom the Virtues all combin'd ;  
On whom I could with faith rely ;  
To whom my heart and soul were join'd  
By mild Affection's primal tie !  
Who smiles in Heav'n, exempt from care,  
Whilst I remember, such things were !

'Twas here (where calm and tranquil rest  
O'er pays the peasant for his toil)  
That, first in blessing, I was blest  
With glowing Friendship's open smile.  
My Friend, far distant doom'd to roam,  
Now braves the fury of the seas :  
He fled his peaceful happy home,  
His little fortune to increase.  
While bleeds afresh the wound of Care,  
When I remember, such things were !

'Twas

'Twas



'Twas here—ev'n in this blooming Grove,  
 I fondly gaz'd on LAURA's charms,  
 Who, blushing, own'd a mutual love ;  
 And melted in my youthful arms.  
 Tho' hard the soul-conflicting strife,  
 Yet Fate, the cruel tyrant, bore  
 Far from my sight, the Charm of life—  
 The lovely Maid whom I adore.  
 It fills my soul with tender care,  
 When I remember such things were,

Here first I saw the Morn appear  
 Of guileless Pleasure's shining Day ;  
 I met the Dazzling Brightness here,  
 Here mark'd the soft declining Ray :  
 —Beheld the Skies, whose streaming light  
 Gave Splendor to the parting Sun ;  
 Now lost in Sorrow's fable Night !  
 And all their mingled Glories gone ;  
 Till Death, in pity, end my care,  
 I must remember such things were.

PROBATIONARY ODES.\*

NUMBER I. IMITATION OF MISS S——D.

SOUND the Lute, and strike the Lyre,  
And Muses wait attentive near ;  
Alas ! for Warton lost I fear,  
Deep songs of Sorrow you require.  
O stand not then dissolv'd in woe,  
But kindly from the blighted bough,  
Take every Harp to aid me while I sing,  
The Poet Laureat lost of our exalted King.

\* The Odes which follow are, I confess, tinged with a small portion of self-interestedness ; but the Muse of Satire, who is very apt to take small liberties, acknowledges its injustice, and is not without hopes of being forgiven by the Personages whose manner she has endeavoured to imitate, although she may be thought, at the same time, rather too presumptuous in attempting to copy after the most distinguished Writers of the present age, and who, in prose, she may venture to declare, would be too modest to solicit the Butt of Sack and a Pension.

Let

Let no sound of mirth or pleasure,  
Dare to interrupt my woe ;  
While, in strains of mournful measure,  
Tributes to his memory flow :  
Sad as the expiring languish  
Of feeble Grief, and fainting Anguish !

O'er a solitary heath,  
I lately heard the voice of Death,  
Borne along the wailing wind ;  
And it sigh'd in strains divine,  
“ Tuneful Warton now is mine :  
Now he shares the solemn Cell,  
Where all departed Poets dwell ;  
Nor is there left on earth his like behind,  
FRIEND, TEACHER, PATRON, DARLING OF MANKIND !”

Proud of man's destruction, Death  
Stopp'd the Poet's rosy breath :  
And shall I be silent now,  
Nor the meed of praise bestow  
On the Bard, whose lofty song  
Could boldest founts of matchless verse prolong ?

Shall



Shall I, who Elliot's vict'ries bravely sung,  
 And pour'd the strain of grief o'er Laura's urn,  
 On Andre's grave the deathless laurel hung,  
 And made the Sun with brighter splendor burn,  
 For Cook wove garlands of immortal praise,  
 And hymn'd Louisa's woes in softer lays?  
 I who, to make Urbanus' labours shine,  
 Like tender Horace, wail'd in song divine——  
 Shall I be mute, when Warton's honour'd head  
 Deep in the cold, damp, silent grave is laid!  
 Nor deign to strike, with true poetic fire,  
 The sadly-quiv'ring strings of my pathetic lyre?

Forbid it, all ye Pow'rs divine!

Forbid it, all ye sacred Nine!

That I should act so base a part,

And 'gainst exalted merit steel my heart:

When I heard the Bard was gone,

Did not I thro' sorrow groan?

Did not I, ye Muses, say,

Tears of anguish wipe away?

H

Did

Shall

Did not grave Reflection then  
 Pierce my soul with keenest pain?  
 Bards—I spoke it with a sigh—  
 Are born to bloom, and bloom to die!

Yet all the while I never vow'd to praise,  
 Lord Sal'sbury, fav'rite of our gracious King,  
 To whom Benevolence imparts  
 The very first of British hearts;  
 From whence a boundless store of virtues spring—  
 Ah! no; poor Warton's recent loss  
 Did all my tender thoughts engross;  
 And, fond his virtues to relate,  
 So sudden doom'd to death and fate,  
 I have not yet had time to press  
 Solicitations for his vacant place:  
 Yet would not wish it granted to a rhymers,  
 While I can praise the King in strains sublimer,  
 Than e'er the heav'n-exalted Warton drew,  
 Who best of all mankind the soul of nature knew.

He,

He, who could paint with happiest art,  
 Each various movement of the human heart,  
 And who, in Fame's bright annals, leaves enshrined,  
 His Odes—a monument of worth—behind !  
 Where, rich with grace, with energy divine,  
 The purest gems of heav'nly Fancy shine,  
 Where moral Reason strengthens glowing thought,  
 And Albion's King is to perfection brought :  
 And shall continue still, upon condition,  
 That I to sing his praises have permission,  
 And (which material objects are to me,)  
 Receive the inspiring Beverage and the Fee,  
 Unless Lord Sal'sbury chance to lop my lay,  
 And send it back, dread Judge ! like St. John's man-  
     gled play.

He,

Crest.



NUMBER II.

ADDRESSED TO THE MARQUIS OF SALISBURY.

THE GHOST OF CHATTERTON.

CREST-fallen, and vanquish'd in his pride,  
The Muse of Orpheus is no more !  
Alas ! with tuneful Warton dy'd  
The sacred love of ancient lore :  
Hurry'd to Elysian plains,  
With the Muses heav'nly strains,  
At least some twenty score of Odes,  
And standing long on Lethe's shore,  
Anxious to be ferry'd o'er  
To his long lost friend's abodes.

Great

Great Samuel Johnſon, and an hundred more,  
 Oft “ the boat, the boat,” he call’d,  
 And, oft the name of Charon loudly bawl’d;  
 But Mr Charon chanc’d to be from home,  
 When o’er the rolling flood the Poet meant to come.

While on the ſhady beach I ſtood,  
 I heard his voice of ſolemn ſound,  
 Moaning o’er the mourning flood,  
 In poetic ſtrains profound;  
 Which ſeem’d to chide old Charon’s long delay,  
 That caus’d him there againſt his will to ſtay.

At which time Charon paſſing by in haſte,  
 Cry’d—‘ Chatterton,’ in pleaſing tone,  
 ‘ I fly to ferry o’er a gueſt,  
 ‘ Whoſe verſe was ſacred to Britannia’s Crown—  
 ‘ A Bard, I ween, to thee almoſt unknown—  
 ‘ For long ’ere Warton’s merit was confeſs’d,  
 ‘ Poor Chatterton was gone.’

‘ Can that be he,’ I ſcornful cry’d,

‘ Who

‘ Who strove to crush the Muses pride,  
‘ And who, by bold presumption led,  
‘ Tore from Rowley’s reverend head  
‘ The rosy garland of deserv’d renown,  
‘ Around my youthful brows to fix?  
‘ It is the haughty Bard indeed!’

And lo ! with indignation fir’d,  
And generosity inspir’d,  
I gave old Charon half a crown,  
To overset him in the Styx !

Then from Fame’s proud ramparts high,  
I beheld with dauntless eye,  
Rolling o’er the boiling wave,  
Warton’s carcase—and his fame !  
Floating on the sable stream,  
Of Oblivion’s dreary grave.

Nor could I from grief restrain,  
When I saw exhausted quite,  
Him who sung in swelling strain,  
Britain’s glory—Britain’s might ;

All



All the virtues of her King,  
 And his angel wife, the Queen,  
 The primal darling of his people's love,  
 Who bade each year new blessings bring,  
 And ne'er disaster fall between  
 The mighty servants of Almighty Jove.

My soul, from malice quite exempt,  
 Now check'd the frown of cold contempt ;  
 And glist'ning tears did from mine eye-balls start,  
 (Proving that Ghosts can weep as well as men,)  
 For tender pity smote my heart ;  
 And I to Charon went again,  
 With soften'd accents sad and flow,  
 As mark the tuneful plaint of woe,  
 Beseeching him for pity's sake,  
 From deep Oblivion's muddy lake,  
 Thro' endless ages, to redeem  
 Ingenious Warton's mangled fame.

In

All

And I before your Lordship now,  
 In meek humiliation bow,  
 To crave the wreath that honour'd Warton wore—  
 That wreath for which a thousand Poets scramble,  
 And honour'd Warton now will wear no more;  
 Nor for myself the garland do I claim,  
 But for a genuine Son of Fame—  
 Nay, don't, my Lord, upon my Ghostship press,  
 The Poet Laureat's vacant place,  
 But, as you wish to cherish real merit,  
 Deeming the laurel to a Bard of spirit,  
 Confer the honour upon Matthew Bramble.†

† A signature used by the late Rev. M. McDonald.

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NUMBER III.

FOR MR. P——TT.

THE solemn, sad, and awful Bell,  
Has founded tuneful Warton's knell;  
And Poets, loud lamenting, cry—  
' O weak—O frail mortality !'  
O maxim dread—O maxim just—  
Bards are but children of the dust !  
The good and great—the wise and brave—  
All, all, are food alike for the insatiate grave !

I

And

The



And, ah! such grief my bosom knows,  
 For Warton sunk in cold repose,  
 As fill'd poor Horace with dismay,  
 When brave Quintilius lifeless lay:  
 For Warton built the flatt'ring rhyme,  
 At once majestic and sublime,  
 And bore from ev'ry Bard the bayes,  
 So well he knew to sing great Brunswick's deathless  
 praise.

And now the muse, to merit true,  
 Loves to bequeath the tribute due;  
 To wave the blooming laurel crown,  
 And sound the clarion of renown,  
 For him, to notes of highest praise,  
 Who in her converse, pass'd his days,  
 Adhering to her love and laws,  
 Amidst the glorious peals of popular applause.

But, ah! my Lord, we too must fall,  
 And share the common lot of all;

Nor

Nor can the favour of our King,  
 Exempt us from the Tyrant's sting :  
 A Ruler of superior power,  
 And ever ready to devour,  
 Without regard to rank or fame,  
 All objects that respire on earth's extensive frame.

O then, since Poets have their day,  
 Before they mingle with the clay,  
 As small the gain for which they sing,  
 And time steals by on rapid wing,  
 To make the hours in rapture pass,  
 And shake the sand thro' Life's dull glass,  
 Give ear unto thy Bard's request,  
 And, with the blooming laurel, Sal'sbury, make him  
 blest.

O let, since Warton is no more,  
 The sacred honour which he bore,  
 In league with Wisdom's just degree,  
 My noble Lord, devolve to me ;

And

And take me (favour'd of the King)  
 Safe under thy protecting wing,  
 To deck his brows with Glory's palm,  
 And pour Fame's oil thereon, like Gilead's healing  
 balm.

And let not H—y have the place,  
 His Odes would Majesty disgrace ;  
 A novice in the art of song,  
 Whom Malice leads, and leaves still wrong ;  
 A meagre criticising drone,  
 Who skims the foam of Helicon,  
 And whose dark deeds have lately been  
 The total ruin of poor Urban's Magazine.

But oh ! my gracious Lord, to me  
 Bequeath the Laurel, Sack, and Fee ;  
 And, meek of accent, tell the King,  
 No Bard on earth so well can sing

His



His glorious deeds in lasting lays,  
As he who now implores the Bays.  
And when his countenance is given  
To Worth, he likest is the Majesty of Heaven!

His

Come

NUMBER IV.

BY MR. M<sup>C</sup>PH—N.

COME—Sons of the Song—forth from the cell  
of Woe. Let the harp sound with strains of grief,  
and the lyre sigh to the breeze—Lost is the pride  
of the Muses, and gone the first of men—He passed  
the evening with his friends—but grey morn be-  
held him with the dead!—

Raise high the song of regret—and teach the  
most plaintive strings of the harp to mourn for the  
care-borne Warton.

He

He was lovely in his pride, and the greatness of his fame is scattered afar.

His face was like the fair light of morning, and his hair like the raven's wing—His spirit was mild and serene, and his voice like the soft breath of a dying wind in the evening of Summer—His eyes, two stars of light that are lovely on the calm breast of Heaven, and his form stately in the Court, as the oak in the midst of the forest—Raise the song for the Bard—Give his fame to the winds of heaven, and his actions to lasting renown.

Who comes leaning on the staff of oak—his voice in the mountain wind?—Salisbury, friend of the departed Warton!

He stops at the tomb, and raises his sorrowing, voice!—The rocky hills echo round, and the trembling Bards bound away—The starting ghosts of the dead fly shrieking on their clouds, so moving is his voice when he calls upon his friend.

Great



Great is my grief, O powerful Salisbury!—  
 Great, indeed, is thy grief, O Chief of Courtiers!  
 —nor small thy cause of woe—Yet hast thou lost  
 no son—yet hast thou lost no daughter of beauty  
 —and the Bard died while his fame was about  
 him—He fell like a tree in autumn laden with  
 rich fruit!—

Three nights he wailed on the heath, and the  
 sheet was high on his breast: these eyes beheld  
 him by the rays of the waning moon that feebly  
 glimmer'd on the murmuring stream—Thrice I  
 raised the voice of sorrow—thrice I spoke in my  
 grief—but he heard not the sound, it dy'd away  
 in the grass of the rock, and he vanished on the  
 white cloud.

The Bard is gone, O Ruler of the Great!—re-  
 turned to the land of ghosts—the scenes of his  
 youth are forsaken—found is his sleep in the nar-  
 row house—and four small stones encompass his  
 grave—No more will his voice echo in the hall

No

—no more will he sound the praise of the King—  
 Pale lies the Bard in the dark habitation of his fa-  
 thers—Mute is the voice of sweet sound, and  
 closed the rolling eye!

But the Bard of Lora liveth—the Bard of Inis-  
 thona—his equal in fame—he, who recorded  
 the victories of the glorious Fingal, Chief of a  
 thousand Kings—Let him be the Bard—Lord  
 of the high-topp'd Hatfield—Let him be the  
 Bard chosen for renown, in room of the lofty  
 Warton; and thou shalt not go without thy praise  
 —for still, when he speaks of the King, thy  
 Fame shall be great in the song.

NUMBER V.

MISS M——E. \*

O! for the all-transcendent fire,  
'The genius bright, the proud desire,  
Which in the glorious soul of Pindar glow'd,  
To found thy praise, O sacred Liege! aloud.  
O let me seize the burnish'd quill,  
On fam'd Parnassus' sacred hill,  
Dropp'd from the daring eagle's wing,  
And mark what mighty graces spring

Forth

\* In the three concluding stanzas of this Ode, I have imitated myself.—See my Ode to Charity.



Forth from a heart, where all the virtues shine,  
 Beneath a head of Majesty benign ;  
 And sing till Heav'n, delighted with the sound,  
 Catch the aspiring strains, and ev'ry note rebound !

O gracious Sire, divinely wise !  
 O mightiest King beneath the skies !  
 Pure emanation of celestial light !  
 Great—glorious—grand—inimitable—bright !  
 Thine honour through Religion shines,  
 When Mara with Storace joins,  
 In choral songs, to sing thy praise,  
 In Handel's notes—King David's lays ;  
 Which tuneful Warton to repeat forbears——  
 A Poet Laureat now in heav'nly spheres !  
 O then, with sweet benevolence, decree,  
 In Warton's stead, thy Laureatship to me.

O King, who dost in brightness move  
 With Charlotte, Queen of stedfast Love,  
 Who bids around thy throne Young Virtues rise,  
 With beauty, charming ev'ry Courtier's eyes !

'Tho'

Tho' sweeter strains grac'd Warton's tongue,  
 Than Saint or Seraph ever sung;  
 And tho' his glowing Fancy caught  
 Whatever Art or Nature taught;  
 O Prince! if this superior Muse of mine  
 Raise not thy fame in numbers more divine,  
 An empty shadow may my Ode be found,  
 My knowledge ignorance, my wit a sound.

Tho' his prophetic spirit knew  
 To bring futurity to view,  
 And tell strange stories with a wizard's skill—  
 Stories must fade, and prophecies must fail,  
 O best of Kings! O hear me now,  
 And bind the laurel on my brow!  
 Dispense the gold, divinely bright,  
 The wine, inspiring rich delight,  
 To clear each sense with their pervading rays,  
 And render perfect the illustrious lays,  
 Which from my fancy teem in lofty strains,  
 To prove that Albion's King supreme in Albion reigns!

ODE TO CUPID.

FROM GESSNER.

O GENTLE Cupid, thou sweet God of Love!  
How blest are they, thy mutual joys who prove!  
The Gods, that dwell in Rivers and in Groves,  
All own the force of thy superior pow'r;  
And lonely Philomel, that sadly roves,  
Sings sweet of thee at mid-night's awful hour.  
How blest are they, thy mutual joys who prove;  
O gentle Cupid, thou sweet God of Love!

Love



Love shoots already thro' the lisping Child  
 That smiling sings, and plays the flow'rs among ;  
 As Nature, thro' the rose that opens mild,  
 When Spring and Pleasure lead the hours along.  
 'Tis only through thine influence all things move ;  
 O gentle Cupid, thou sweet God of Love !

They're dull that love not, as the stagnate Lake,  
 Their Life more cheerless than the Winter's gloom ;  
 Or silent Birds whom all the Train for sake  
 And barren as the Trees which never bloom.  
 But they are blest thy mutual joys who prove,  
 O gentle Cupid, thou sweet God of Love !

To them who love and are belov'd again,  
 The founding streams more pleasant rush along ;  
 'The flow'rs have milder charms that scent the plain,  
 And every warbler sings a sweeter song ;  
 For thy delights, the charm of life, they prove ;  
 O gentle Cupid, thou sweet God of Love !

Smiling

O D E.

TO A YOUNG GENTLEMAN.

SMILING cherub—lovely flow'r,  
Nourish'd in Affection's bow'r,  
May'st thou long in beauty shine,  
All Hygeia's blessings thine.

Offspring sole—of tender love,  
Image of the blest'd above ;  
To reward a Parent's care,  
May'st thou bloom in virtue fair.

Soothe

Soothe sweet of recent woe,  
That a comfort could bestow,  
And afford a soft relief,  
To the soul o'erwhelm'd with grief!

Still thy artless smiles dispense,  
Charming with remembrance, hence  
From the heart, long taught to languish,  
Every trace of bleeding anguish!

Let thy joyful kindred see,  
All the virtues shine in thee,  
Which made the Saint by all admir'd,  
Who gave thee being—and expir'd!

Smiling cherub—beauteous flow'r,  
Blooming in Affection's bow'r,  
May'st thou still in virtue shine,  
All Hygeia's blessings thine.

The



A B A L L A D.

THE Summer night was clear and still ;  
The Sea was smooth, the Winds were low ;  
And from its source the village rill,  
Retir'd with mournful lapse and flow.  
The Nightingale complain'd aloud,  
The forrowing Dove prolong'd her moan,  
And, smiling from the snowy cloud,  
The Moon with soften'd lustre shone.

L

The

The lucid Stars through azure skies,  
 All beauteous glow'd, with silvery sheen;  
 While fair Alfreda's lovely eyes  
 With milder lustre grac'd the scene.  
 As o'er a barren Rock she lean'd,  
 And view'd the wat'ry swell below,  
 She thus her pensive bosom strain'd,  
 With themes of recollected Woe.

- ' When doom'd by unrelenting Fate,
- ' My Charmer fled his native land,
- ' What agonies did love create,
- ' As blooming Damon left the strand?
- ' As hov'ring o'er the vessel's side,
- ' I saw the foaming billows roll,
- ' And strength'ning breezes lift the tide,
- ' A louder tempest sway'd my soul.
- ' I gave to Grief the tender tear,
- ' Which melted on my Damon's heart,
- ' As struck on my astonish'd ear,
- ' The dreadful signal of "Depart."

' En-

- ‘ Encircled in his fond embrace,
- ‘ I strove to lengthen our adieu,
- ‘ Till from that shrine of matchless grace,
- ‘ Forc’d by a rude unfeeling crew.
- ‘ And swift, unheld by love’s controul,
- ‘ O’er breaking waves the vessel flew,
- ‘ I saw the Day-star of my soul
- ‘ Decline from my enquiring view.
- ‘ My eyes, while fast he urg’d his flight,
- ‘ Pursu’d the object of their care ;
- ‘ My tearful eyes pursu’d, till sight
- ‘ Was lost in undistinguish’d air!’

While

En-



THE BANKS OF THE YARROW.

WHILE the Moon-beams all bright,  
Give a lustre to Night,  
I weep on his Dwelling so narrow ;  
And high o'er his grave  
The willow trees wave,  
Who died, on the Banks of the Yarrow !

'Twas under their shade  
Hand in hand as we stray'd,  
He fell, by the flight of an arrow ;  
And fast from the wound,  
His blood stain'd the ground,  
Who died, on the Banks of the Yarrow !

Now

Now lonely I move  
Thro' the Lab'rins of Love,  
Whose echoes figh deep with my sorrow ;  
I mourn—but in vain]  
I figh for the Swain  
Who died, on the Banks of the Yarrow !

As wildly I rave,  
And look on his grave,  
Distraction my soul seems to harrow :  
And blest were my doom,  
Could I sink in his Tomb,  
Who died,—on the banks of the Yarrow !

Oh

S O N G.

TO LAURA.

OH Laura ! idol of my soul !

Thy absence wakes a thousand fears ;  
And flow the penfive moments roll,  
That all are number'd with my tears.

The hours, while distant far you stray,  
I chide with unremitting sighs ;  
In grief, I waste the cheerless day,  
And night my wonted rest denies !

In



In fancy, only, doom'd to see,  
The Charm my fondness early fought ;  
My every wish combin'd in thee,—  
Thou Image of my every thought !

Return, my drooping heart to cheer,  
In pity to my woes, return :  
My foul the gloom of Night must wear,  
Till, in thy smile, she meet the Morn !

Oh

In

S O N G.

OH Hope! sweet foothold of the soul,  
With kindness look on me:  
Still guiding with thy mild controul  
The heart which leans on thee.

The present how should I endure,  
Which teems with dire dismay,  
Did not the future serve to lure  
Each pensive thought away!

There's

S O N G.

FROM THE FRENCH OF CORNEILLE.

THERE's nought in Nature to admire,  
So bright as dear MELETA's eye:  
There's nought so strong as my desire,  
So sacred as my loyalty.  
Pure, as her virtue, is my flame ;  
And I were blest, would she approve ;  
Unmatch'd in beauty and in fame,  
She's all in Charms that I'm in Love!

M

To

here's



To wear her image from my mind  
I often mingle with the Gay ;  
With Pleasure's Train, in folly join'd,  
I seek for peace—and find dismay.  
Tho' she delights in giving pain,  
Unkind and cruel to my love,  
A firm adherence I maintain ;  
For nought my constancy can move.

Why is the treasure of my care  
Cold as the ashes of the Urn ?  
And why, when deaf to every pray'r,  
Do I for fair MELETA burn ?  
As love and merit, are among  
The blessings, which the Gods bestow :  
The merit doth to her belong ;  
But, with the love, I only glow !

The

S O N G.

**T**HE modest Violet of the Vale,  
Gives fragrance to the vernal gale ;  
And blooms, the beauty of the dale,  
Each lovely scene adorning :  
As sweet a Flow'r as Flora rears,  
The Violet of the Vale appears ;  
And, while it greets the Sun in tears,  
It beautifies the Morning.

But,

But, ah, its tender stalk is frail !  
And trembles with the flightest gale :  
Should tempests, pitiless, assail  
The Flow'r—its beauty scorning,  
The humble Violet would be found  
No longer shedding glories round,  
But Night see levell'd with the ground  
The Flow'r that grac'd the Morning.

O LAURA ! Nature's meekest Flow'r !  
Thou Violet of the present Hour,  
Why dost thou triumph in thy pow'r,  
And fly, my passion scorning !  
Sweet maid ! consider, ere too late,  
And, in the Violet's, read thy fate :  
The charms are of as transient date  
Which grace thy smiling Morning.



S O N G.

THE BRAES OF YARROW.

- “ BUSK ye, busk ye, my bonny bride,”  
‘ And dry your eyes with anguish streaming ;  
‘ For our approach all eyes on Clyde  
‘ Are now with expectation beaming ;  
‘ We’ll there enjoy the merry day,  
‘ (And here your days are dimm’d with sorrow,)  
‘ There pass in love the hours away,  
‘ And think nae mair on gloomy Yarrow.”

How

“ How can I busk a bonny bride,  
Or how can I refrain frae weeping,  
When he is tofs'd on Ocean wide,  
Wha has my waefu' heart in keeping.  
Ah, lang, lang, maun I view with pain,  
The stream made bitter with my sorrow ;  
And, for his coming lang, in vain,  
Look frae the flow'ry braes of Yarrow.”

“ Yet leave me still, a weeping maid,  
By Yarrow's lonely waves to languish ;  
For, sooner than consent to wed,  
The grave shall bury a' my anguish :  
Tho' Apprehension's shadows gloom  
Dark o'er the Night of deep'ning Sorrow,  
Yet true to love I'll press the tomb ;  
And him that won my heart on Yarrow.”

S O N G.

TO A WHITE ROSE.

MEEK bud of Beauty, leave the Bow'r,  
Nor longer there thy fragrance blend:  
To LAURA go, thou sweeter Flow'r  
Than e'er the blood of BEAUTY stain'd!\*

Yet boast not vainly, when carefs'd,  
Thy colour pure, thy fragrance fine;  
Her Bosom is more sweetly chaste,  
Her Breath,—an odour more divine!

\* Venus, according to OVID, when flying in pursuit of Adonis, run the thorn of a Rose-tree into her foot; by which accident, its flower was changed from the original colour to a most beautiful red.



S O N G.

**I** TOLD my Charmer, that of wealth  
Tho' little was my store,  
I still would strive, while blest with health,  
To make that little more.  
Content should, thro' my labour, smile,  
And every care remove ;  
If she—the solace of my toil,  
Would bless me with her Love !

Her lily hand I softly prest,  
And kiss'd the falling tear ;  
A sigh of pity heav'd her breast,  
Which spoke the soul sincere.  
That spotless shrine, where Virtue lies,  
May Pity ever move !  
But, in her lustre-streaming eyes,  
I found expressive Love.

Her

( 91 )

S O N G.

TO LAURA.

THE Youth is most supremely blest,  
Who freely may his flame avow,  
When o'er thy features, beam confest,  
Approving Passion's tender glow.

He then may steal from lips divine,  
Delicious sweets—yet be forgiv'n;  
And near the snowy breast recline,  
Of melting Beauty's blissful Heav'n!

N

Go

( 92 )

S O N G.

TO JULIA.

GO, Julia! go, enchanting Maid,—  
From Damon bear thy heart away;  
With thine be Melvin's worth repaid,  
Nor let my grief thy purpose sway.

May he, deserving of the prize,  
To charm thee every power employ;  
When I'm expell'd the paradise,  
Wherein I hop'd eternal joy.

My



My heart, still anxious in thy fate,  
Must Julia's better choice approve :  
But, ah ! the tear of deep regret,  
Will tremble in the eye of Love.

Yet when the storm of Grief is o'er,  
I'll court his love who merits thine ;  
For tho' I must thy loss deplore,  
I dare not at thy good repine.

When fortune leads me to the spot,  
Where all my hopes were overthrown,  
I'll triumph in thy happier lot,——  
And in thy fate forget my own.

## S O N G.

REMEMBRANCE, wherefore still combine,  
 With deep Despondence, to restore  
 The Image of the Nymph divine,  
 Whose loss I'm destin'd to deplore ?  
 To render my affliction less,  
 Thine aid can now no charm impart :  
 For musing on departed Bliss,  
 With keener torture rends the heart.

And, ah ! the Universe appears,  
 To me a lonely desert now ;  
 Where tender Friendship never cheers,  
 The long—sad Pilgrimage of Woe !  
 Hope shuns the gloom of Sorrow's Night,  
 No respite to Despair is given :  
 The Star, which to my soul was light,  
 Too early vanish'd into Heaven !

When

## S O N G.

WHEN Morning shed her dewy light,  
The Rose a gaudy bloom display'd ;  
And, while its beauties charm'd the sight,  
Along the gale its fragrance stray'd.

Unstable Flow'r ! far too profuse,  
Of glories doom'd to swift decay :  
The frost of Eve its pride subdues,  
And shakes the languid leaves away !

Meek



S O N G.

TO LOUISA.

**M**EET Daughter of Despondence, cease  
To pierce my soul with fruitless sighs ;  
Why should his Image break thy peace,  
Whose heart thy Reason must despise ?

O spurn the mercenary Slave,  
With graceful pride, and high-soul'd scorn ;  
I'll charm the wound his Falsehood gave,  
And sooth the heart with anguish worn.

Thy silent look for pity pleads,  
With more than eloquence divine ;  
And, whilst my own affliction bleeds,  
I bear the keenest pangs of thine!

Thou

S O N G.

TO ILLIUS.

THOU, Illius, canst with transport view  
The Sun his golden course renew ;  
And mark him to perfection bring  
The beauteous progeny of spring :

Thou gladly canst the mountains climb,  
To trace the Awful and Sublime ;  
And hear, against the rocky shore,  
The restless Ocean's solemn roar :

Thou

Thou canst, with tender joy, behold  
The flow'rs their filken leaves unfold ;  
And when the warblers raise their voice,  
Give ear, O Illius ! and rejoice.

Yet I am mov'd by none of these,  
For she, who made such objects please,  
Is low, in earth's cold bosom, laid ;  
And, in my heart—all joy is dead !



L O R E N Z O.

AN ELEGY.

YE Vallies to which I complain,  
Now trac'd with the tear-streaming eye,  
I know that my sorrows are vain,  
Yet love to indulge the fond sigh!

To muse on the days that are flown,  
To think, dearest Lucy, on thee!  
My heart must be cold as thy own  
Ere lost the remembrance can be.

When Summer, in beauty array'd,  
Shone here with a splendor refin'd,  
In thee all its charms were display'd,  
In thee all its beauties conjoin'd.

O

Thy

Thy smile, to its lustre serene,  
 The glories of Eden restor'd :  
 Whose death gave a damp to the scene,—  
 Whose Death will be ever deplor'd !

Who rose, the sweet Flow'r of Delight !  
 Of Nature's perfection, in bloom :  
 Now lost in the confines of Night,  
 —Conceal'd in the shade of the Tomb !

In whom Love and Friendship I found ;  
 Heart-piercing reflection to me !  
 O LUCY—each object around  
 Reminds thy LORENZO of thee.

The Winter now frowns on the year,  
 And loudly the hurricanes howl ;  
 How lov'd !—for a semblance they bear  
 To the tempests that rage in my soul !

All Nature is sadden'd to woe,  
 The songsters no longer are gay ;  
 Dejected they sit on each bough,  
 And mourn o'er the season's decay !

But



But Nature again shall rejoice ;  
And Spring all its beauties restore ;  
The songsters again raise their voice,  
In melody sweet as before !

The scene that so gloomy appears,  
Again shall its brightness resume :  
Yet I shall explore it in tears,  
Nor raise my sad hopes from the tomb !

The Sports of the Village I wave ;  
No longer endearing to me :  
O Lucy—my soul's in thy grave,  
My wishes all center in thee !

How



E L E G Y.

TO MARIA.

BY A FRIEND.

**H**OW can the treasure of thy smiles be bought,  
Or how, MARIA, can I gain thy love?  
O say, fair Saint! and quicker far than thought,  
I'll fly the ardour of my flame to prove.

Could the warm stream—the fountain of my life—  
MARIA's ever sacred wish fulfil,  
I'd rush with transport upon mortal strife,  
And die with pleasure to complete thy will.

Yet

Yet when my Constancy expires in death,  
—The only pow'r that now can quench my flame—  
When Faith's extinguish'd in the latest breath,  
And Love's last accent dies upon thy name !

Thy flinty breast—thy harder heart than steel,  
Now void of pity, shall lament my fate ;  
Yes, ev'n MARIA's frozen breast shall feel,  
And new-born pity shall succeed to hate.

Thy melting eyes shall pour the fruitless tear,  
And heaving sighs shall speak thy sorrows vain,  
When, pale and lifeless, on th' untimely bier,  
Thou view'st the Victim of thy cold disdain !

When

P S A L M CXIV.

**W**HEN Moses gave the blest command  
To Israel's chosen feed,  
And, from the dark Oppressor's land,  
The Sons of Jacob freed ;  
  
He led them, where their kingdoms lay,  
To Israel's hallow'd ground ;  
And, safe from foes, in Judah, they  
A sanctuary found :

Be



Before the servants of the Lord :

The trembling Ocean fled :

And, Jordan, parting at their word,

A sudden passage made :

The awe-struck Mountains also pass'd

Swift as the bounding Rams :

The little Hills, with fearful haste,

Skipp'd after them like Lambs.

O wherefore, Sea, in this extreme,

Fledst thou thine oozy bed ?

And say, O Jordan ! why thy stream

Recoil'd with awful dread ?

What mov'd you, O ye Mountains high,

To leave your fix'd abode ?

And you, ye little Hills, to fly

Before the Host of God ?

Earth

Earth tremble, and in deep dismay,

Confess the Power Divine :

'To Jacob's God the homage pay—

For Jacob's God is thine.

His Prefence from thy yielding frame,

Could living waters bring ;

At which, the melting Rock became

An everlasting spring !

## I N S C R I P T I O N S.

Written on a Druid's Seat, in the Grove of a Garden situated on the banks of the Dee near Aberdeen, and principally suggested by the tender and pathetic verses which are inserted as a Note below,\* and by the other Inscriptions (subjoined with the following Notes) written by the Owner of the ground—a Gentleman whose taste is equalled only by his liberality and benevolence.

## INSCRIPTION I.

SHADE of the Blest! to thy retreat,

I slowly steal, a pensive guest;

And, near thy low sequester'd seat,

The ling'ring hours of sorrow waste!

Shade of the Blest! tho' lost to peace,

To me the scene will still be dear;

While Nature's first enchantments please,

And all her graces flourish here.

Where

\* DRUID, permit a Pilgrim here to rest,  
In peace, upon the seat inscrib'd to thee;  
Whose weary wand'rings ne'er shall be express'd,  
To giddy throngs, or vulgar ears, by me.

But to thy quiet grove I'll oft retire,  
To chase the ills of Life far from my view;  
Till, when my griefs shall in a sigh expire,  
I bid the world and thee a last adieu!



Where Liberty erects a throne ;\*  
And liberal Worth with Freedom moves ;  
And Virtue girds her magic Zone,  
To reign the Guardian of the groves.

And

\* On a pedestal of Granite is placed a Vase, ornamented with lions heads and drapery, which bears the following Inscription.

Sacred to LIBERTY.

And

The REVOLUTION 1688.

---

READER !

Cherish, with Gratitude to Heaven,  
The Recollection of An Event,  
Which rescued these Kingdoms  
From a Tyranny  
That had nearly extinguished  
Every portion of  
Civil and Religious Liberty,  
And,  
Under the Influence of Providence,  
Led to the Establishment  
Of a Government  
By equal Laws,  
Founded in the Consent of the People,  
The best Security for  
Freedom and Happiness.

And Friendship, † Pity, Praise, and Love  
Of human Weal, attention claim;  
That honour and esteem to move,  
Which lead to fair and lasting Fame!

On

† On an Obelisk of Granite is the annexed Inscription,  
sacred to Friendship.

In Testimony  
Of the most sincere Respect  
And Affection,  
And of a Friendship,  
Which he who records it  
Esteems his highest Honour,  
This Stone is inscribed with the Name of  
L O R D G A R D E N S T O N ;  
Who,  
To Genius and Abilities  
Eminently useful to his Country,  
And ornamental to Society,  
Happily unites a Disinterestedness,  
Liberality, and Munificence,  
Which render him, at once,  
A Blessing, and an Example,  
To Mankind.

INSCRIPTION II.

ON yonder Bank, with moss o'ergrown,  
The Druid's humble Mansion rose ;  
And, underneath this hoary stone,  
The Druid lies in cold repose !

In solitude he drew his breath,  
Till age had silver'd o'er his hair ;  
Then sought the Solitude of Death—  
And in Oblivion buried care.



INSCRIPTION III.

O DRUID ! to thy fairy grove,  
Ere Fancy lead my steps again,  
To view the scene where early Love,  
And harmless Mirth began their reign ;  
I'll urge the owner of thy shade,  
Whose goodness no cessation knows,  
To raise the Tomb where thou art laid,—  
And deck the scene of thy repose !  
  
And near the spot, with plaintive sound,  
Shall stray the silver waves of Dee ;  
And every breeze, that murmurs round,  
Shall bend the grass that grows o'er thee.

And

And there the sweetest Lark shall sing ;  
And there the proudest Ofiers wave :  
And there the meekest flowrets spring,  
In beauty, o'er thine honour'd grave.

And there the gentle Muses frame,  
The softest strains of tender rhyme ;  
To save, from cold neglect, thy name,  
Thro' periods of remotest time.

I N S C R I P T I O N.

SACRED TO THE MEMORY OF A LADY.

IF native Dignity, with grace refin'd,  
The gentlest manners, and the purest mind ;  
If Piety, with high instruction grac'd,  
That glorious inmate of the virtuous breast ;  
If chaste Benevolence—Affection mild ;  
If melting Pity for Misfortune's child ;  
If filial Fondness, if the tenderest Love  
And truest Friendship admiration move :  
O deeply mourn Perfection's proudest boast,  
The fair possessor of these Virtues, lost ;  
Nor check the tender sigh—the holy tear,  
Meek Pity's best Disciple slumbers here!

T H E E N D.





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